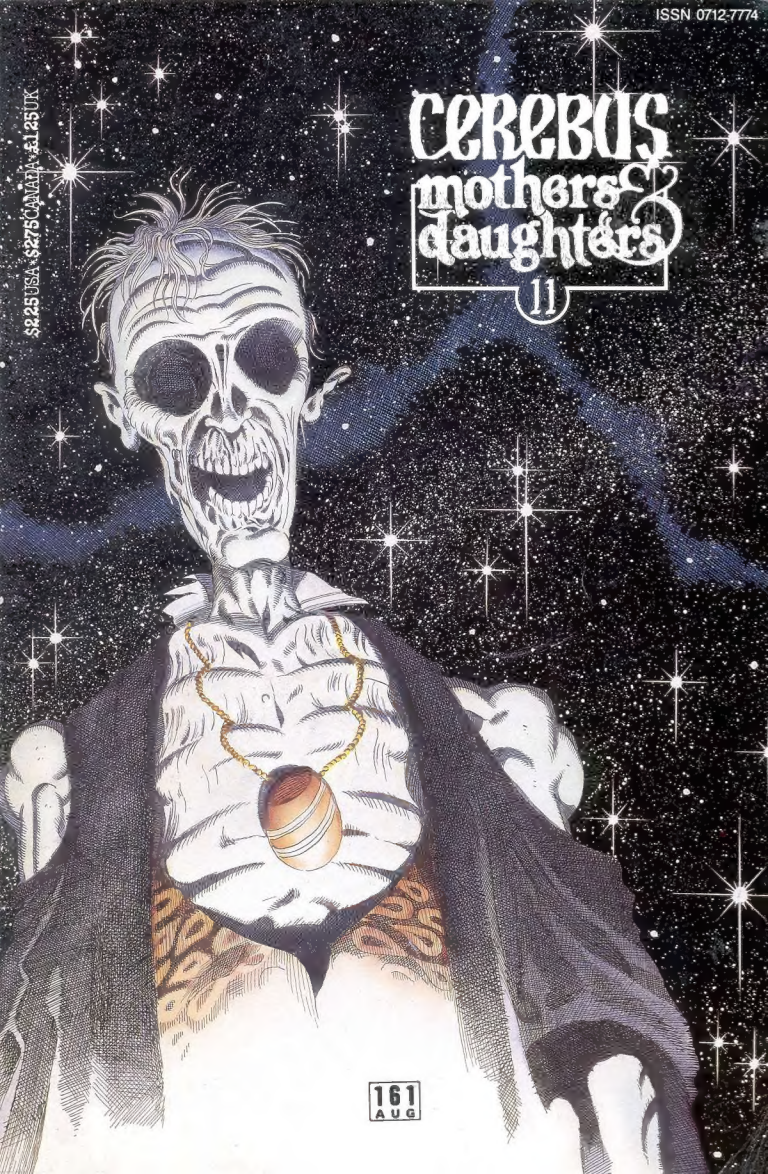
ISSN 0712-7774

# CEREBUS
## mothers & daughters
## 11

$2.25 USA • $2.75 CANADA • £1.25 UK



161
AUG

# NOTE • FROM • THE PRESIDENT

Welcome to the special Linda Berzins Vacation edition of the Note from the President. Linda's taking the last two weeks of July off so I'm doing this one a little early and postponing Aardvark Comment until next issue.

★★★★★★★★★★

Albany went very well. I have to give Mitch Cohn of *Midnight Comics* a lot of credit for being a real champion of the independent comics with a solid track record of having the best of the new and different comics creators in to do signings at his store (including Toronto's Three Horsemen of the Autobiographical Apocalypse; Chester Brown, Seth and Joe Matt). We had his largest turn-out ever, which pleased me a great deal and everyone was very happy with the ten 'til midnight innovation.

The Great Eastern convention was a lot of fun; the first one where we've shared space with Steve Bissette since Boston. It was a little slow taking off, so we had time to catch up the latest news on *Tyrant*. Tom Palmer *pere et fils* were there; Palmer Jr. to give me a copy of the *Wizard* article he had done on Cerebus and Sr. was along for the ride I guess. Having never met Tom Palmer, I rattled on at great length about his brilliant work on *Tomb of Dracula* and numerous other pieces which were critical to developing my inking style. Then I introduced Bissette and he raved about his memories of Palmer's work. Then I introduced Ger and it was Mr. Palmer's turn to rave about all "those tiny little lines".

★★★★★★★★★★

Time out from all the Tour talk to mention what I think is probably the single best thing to happen to self-publishing (apart from Jeff Smith, whose *Bone* Preview is later in this issue); the formation of a charitable foundation to benefit self-publishing cartoonists, Peter Laird's Xeric Foundation, 351 Pleasant St., Suite 214, Northampton, Mass. 01060. Interested artists can write to the foundation for a brochure which outlines application procedures.

★★★★★★★★★★

Thom Powers reports that there have been two new busts of comic book stores; one in San Diego and another in Sarasota Florida. The good news is that the three pages from the Cerebus/Spirit jam that we auctioned in the book brought in over a thousand dollars. The bad news is that more money is always needed. Whatever you can spare, please send to The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 501, Princeton, Wisconsin, 54968.

★★★★★★★★★★

Todd McFarlane called to chat just before Image Comics' Comicon Triumph in Chicago and very generously offered a free full page ad in *Spawn* ("Or a picture of your mother. Hey! Whatever you want.") Man, these guys are really out to shake things up in the staid old comic book industry. At several points in the conversation, I had to resist turning into a Boring Old Fart ("Toddmeister, slow down. Todd-atola, be careful. Toddorama, chew them a bit before you swallow.") After a while, I was just listening and snickering to myself. Hey, what the hell. You got the world by the tail, you might as well swing it around your head a few times, eh?

Fired up and still snickering, I did a pin-up page of Cerebus in a *Spawn* costume *(Cerespawn?)* and Faxed it to Larry Marder who sprang it on the Image guys at the end of a long day of signing their names several thousand times. Larry reports that it was pronounced "Way cool" by Their Affluent Majesties and will appear (coloured, I hope, by my old pal Steve Oliff) in a future issue of *Spawn*.

Made me feel a lot better about the gray hairs I found the other day.

★★★★★★★★★★

Next time out: a report on Indianapolis which continued to prove that America's heartland, the Midwest, is really taking to Cerebus. Four newspaper articles, two radio interviews and TV coverage from Fox, ABC and (no shit, really) CBS.

PRINTED IN CANADA


# CEREBUS

**NO. 161** **AUGUST 1992**



**DAVE SIM**
President

**GERHARD**
Vice-President

**LINDA BERZINS**
Typesetting


**MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS**
a novel

•

**BOOK ONE**
(Cerebus 151 to Cerebus 162)
**Flight**

•

**BOOK TWO**
(Cerebus 163 to Cerebus 174)

•

**BOOK THREE**
(Cerebus 175 to Cerebus 188)

•

**BOOK FOUR**
(Cerebus 189 to Cerebus 200)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The first coin decomposes into a blackened, tarry mass. The other becomes corrupt and dark along its one edge.

A LIVING DEATH
FOR ALL TIME
I WILL ACCEPT NO REST GREAT CERBERUS
I CONDEMN MYSELF ALWAYS TO REMAIN IN THIS ROTTING FORM
IT'S ALL MY FAULT
I LOST FAITH AND KILLED MYSELF
GREAT CERBERUS I FAILED YOU! WHEN YOU MOST NEEDED ME...

AAAA

*Our match draws to a close, which is for the best, as I have violated my self-imposed guide-line that I would discuss with you only my own lives and have succumbed, instead, to the temptation to pass several subjective judgements.*

*We begin by criticizing ourselves and end by criticizing others.*

*Your welcoming of an alliance with Bran Mak Mufin is what sealed your fate as Eastern Pontiff. Throughout his myriad previous lives, his pattern has remained, unfortunately, consistent; marked by a rise to prominence, influence and leadership in the environment in which he finds himself; followed by the consolidation of that authority into a reign which engenders nearly absolute fealty. His ensuing conversion to another leader's cause and standard brings about the consequent fracturing of his own constituency whose loyalty, freely given, is to him alone and not some manner of spiritual currency, as is his misunderstanding, to be spent as he deems fit. The resultant isolation from his followers is punctuated by a swift decline into sycophancy, idolatry and rationalisation. In the end, there comes an Event of Crisis which precipitates disillusionment, despair and ritualistic suicide. In its turn, this brings about the Fall of the Object of his new and abiding faith. At each conclusion, as a kind of penance, peculiar to himself, he resolves that his spirit will remain forever earth-bound in its corpus of the moment. The Grand Folly in this, of course, is that the decay and decomposition of his physical form is as inevitable as the onset of the seasons.*

*And so, his spirit migrates endlessly in place, resisting any opportunity to rise; to advance. He is a tadpole, whose fear of becoming a frog is as grandly ridiculous as it is contrary to natural law; as all-encompassing as it is willfully destructive.*

*His last conscious awareness, just now, of himself and his spirit's long history, was a mental image of disconnected vertebrae, stretching out into Infinity; each fractured and fragmented; a series of failures of will and impediments to Progress consisting in equal measure, of Fear and Doubt and Betrayal.*

*This Awareness is new to him and it is not altogether unlikely that a permanent madness will be the result; and that, in his lives yet-to-be, the destructive pattern which has asserted itself, might establish itself more firmly, or that his destructive nature might be amplified in some unforseen manner.*

*Madness, like Progress is only one of the many choices available to the human spirit in its migration through many centuries and many lives.*

*But now, he is truly the Dark Bishop of your choosing.*

*But with New Awareness, all things become possible.*

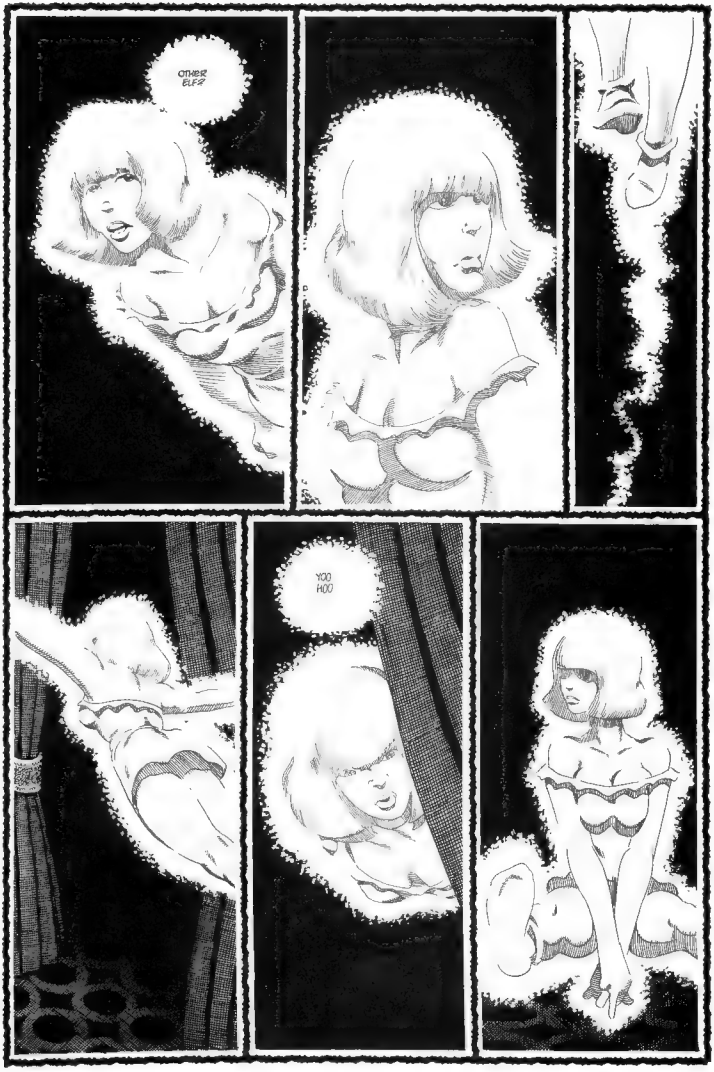
*So this, too, gives us small cause for hope, does it not?*

MR. HAMMOND THIS IS MOST INAPPROPRIATE. IT IS THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...
I UNDERSTAND -- BUT I MUST SEE MRS. THATCHER IMMEDIATELY...
MRS. THATCHER IS ASLEEP. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, SLEEP IS THE ONLY APPROPRIATE BEHAVIOUR...
GO HOME, MR. HAMMOND. TOMORROW YOU CAN...
IT CONCERNS THE ASCENSION
I'VE JUST COME FROM THE CONSTRUCTION SITE...
SOMETHING'S
SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
COME IN, MR. HAMMOND
YES...
YES. THANK YOU.

SUDDENLY, GALE-FORCE WINDS OUT OF THE EAST LASH AT THE PICT WAR PARTY... BALLS OF LIGHTNING ROLL WITH UNNATURAL SLOWNESS THROUGH THE GRAY MASS OF CLOUDS ABOVE, BILLOWING. THEN ODDLY FROZEN IN EERIE PATTERNS, THROWING OFF ROPES OF BLUE AND YELLOW ELECTRICAL FORCE WHICH ARC ACROSS THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF THE SKY. AND THEN THE SKY FLARES BRIGHTLY, THE COLOUR OF BLEACHED BONES AND IS FILLED, INSTANTLY, WITH ENORMOUS INSECT CREATURES, WHOSE MANIACAL SHRIEKING DROWNS OUT EVEN THE HOWL OF THE RISING WINDS. THE DEMON-BEINGS
VANISH AS SWIFTLY AS THEY HAD APPEARED. THE PUNISHING WINDS SUBSIDE WITH THEIR PASSING AND THE SKY IS FILLED, ONCE MORE, WITH BLACK AND TERRIBLE CLOUD MASSES..... IT BEGINS TO RAIN; LARGE PELTING DROPS WHICH BECOME PELLETS OF HAIL. THE PELLETS, WITHIN MOMENTS, BECOME STONES, SOME THE SIZE OF A MAN'S FIST, LEAVING RED AND PURPLE WELTS ON EXPOSED FLESH..

CLARINDA...
WHAT IS
VERY SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MRS. THATCHER...
BUT MR. HAMMOND IS WAITING DOWNSTAIRS...
HE MUST SPEAK WITH YOU RIGHT AWAY...
NONSENSE...
HAVE HIM COME BACK IN THE
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE ASCENSION.
I'LL BE DOWNSTAIRS AS SOON AS I'M DRESSED...

LISTEN CAN'T WE TALK THIS OVER?
MAYBE I COULD BUILD YOU GIRLS A NEW CLUBHOUSE OR SOMETHING...
THE TIME FOR TALK IS THROUGH!
REALLY? BY MY WATCH IT'S BARELY QUARTER PAST THE TIME FOR EMPTY THREATS
IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!
DIE?
WHAT ABOUT THE TIME FOR SALVELLINE, WHINING AND BEGGING FOR MERCY?
I KNEW I SHOULD'VE BOOKED AHEAD.
SLASH
I WILL MAKE YOUR DEMISE SLOW... LINGERING ...AND PAINFUL
YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY ME?
YOU F.END
SLASH


OTHER ELF
YOO HOO

HSST!
ASTORIA
HSST
ASTORIA

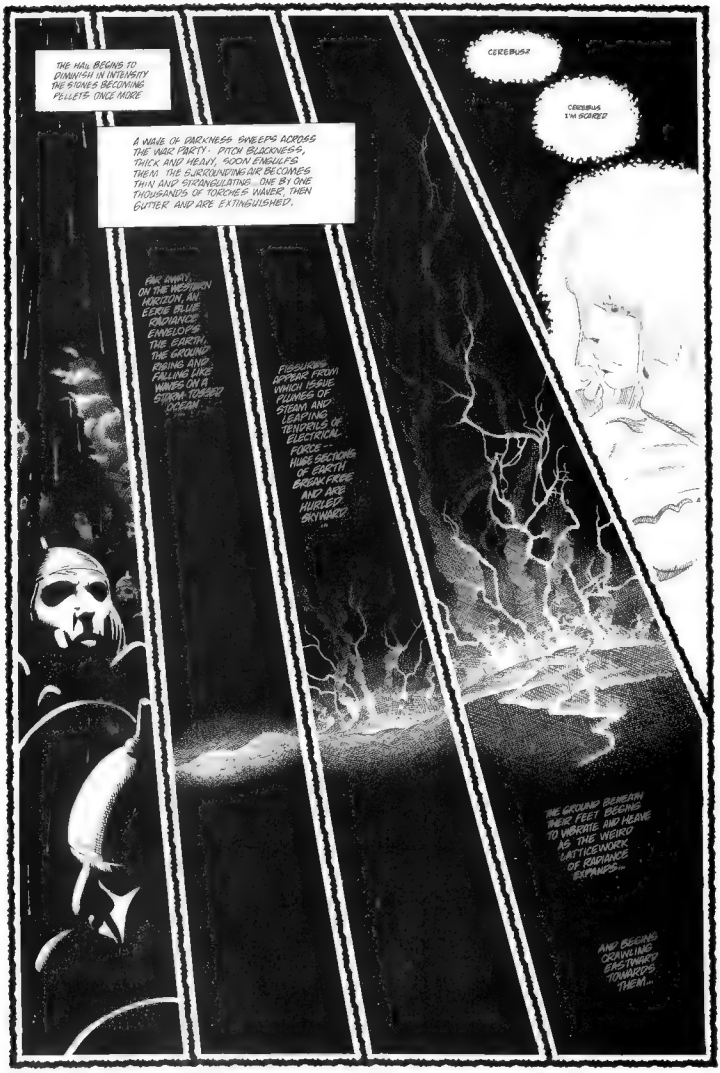
ASTORIA
THE WORD OF YOUR IMMANENT RELEASE IS BEING DISSEMINATED
BUT I'M
I'M AFRAID MANY OF THE FOLLOWERS ARE..
ARE ALREADY
OUT OF CONTROL
OF COURSE THEY ARE..
THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA
LOOK- DA SAY LOOK AT IT THIS WAY SON-
YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE PUREST PROPHET OF TARIM'S WILL
AN AH KNOW YOU'RE THE PUREST PROPHET OF TARIM'S WILL
BUT IF AH SAY IF Y'ALL DON'T REST IT THEN HOW'S TARIM SUPPOSED TO KNOW?
NO
YES
NO
YES
NO
YES
NO
YES
NO
YES

HERE, AH SAY HERE WE ARE ON THE NEWLY INAUGURATED KUKLAND MORAL PURITY TESTING CLINIC
FORMERLY AH SAY - FORMERLY MAGGIE THE MOUTH IS BELLY BOUND BASTED
IT'S A TEST
IT'S A TRICK
IT'S A TEST
IT'S A TRICK
IT'S A TEST
IT'S A TEST
IT'S A TEST
WHAT AH SAY WHAT SIR, Y'ALL WAITIN' FOR, SUN?
YOU DON'T, AH SAY - YOU DON'T WANT TAKIM TO THINK Y'ALL HOVE DOUBTS ABOUT Y'PURITY OF SPIRIT DO YOU?
WHY, YOU LOOK ABOUT AS UN-CERTAIN AS A NEAR SIGHTED HEMOPHILIAC REFEREEIN' A PORCUPINE FIGHT
TWITCHY THAT IS..
IT'S A TEST
IT'S A TRICK
A TRICK A TEST A TRICK A TEST
TEST TRICK TEST TRICK TEST TRICK TEST TRICK

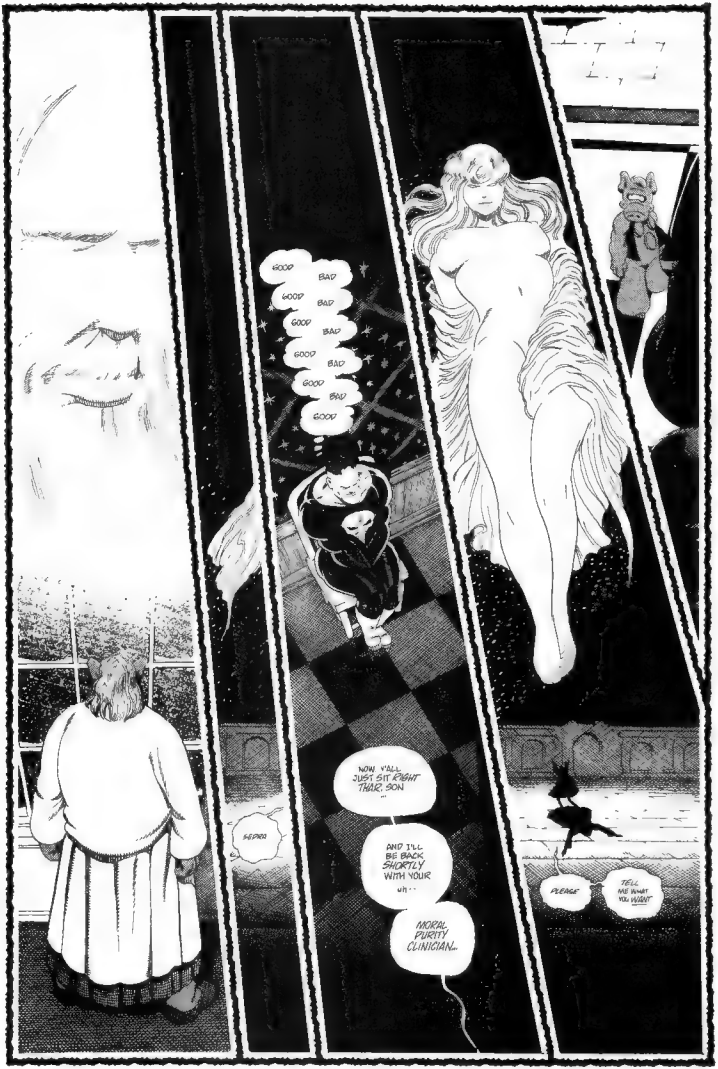
I TULD YEW SEM ASS I TULD EFRYWAN -- I SET
LEST
COLE
WAL, AH DIDN'T HEAR YUH, VARMINT! AN' AH WANT ME ANOTHER DAMN BEER!!
I KENT DO EET.
LEST COLE EES
LEST
COLE
-- GIMME ANOTHER BEER AFORE AH TIE THIS HERE BAR STOOLIE AROUND YER SCRAWNY NECK
AH-AH-AH
REMEMBAR YEWR PREWBATION PEERIODD
AH HATE THIS CITY
Y BETTER BRING A DAMP CLOTH UP WITH YUH- SUMBIDDY JEST PUKED ALL OVER YER ARMY COT.

FAR BE IT FROM ME TO KNOWINGLY CAST ASPERSIONS ON MY "KNOW-IT ALL-WISE-GUY" EVIL TWIN IN ABSENTIA.
HOWEVER!
UNDER THE GENERALLY ACCEPTED TERMS AND PROVISIONS OF THE NEARLY UNIVERSAL LAWS WHICH GOVERN FORENSIC DEBATE
I DON'T THINK IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK THAT YOU REAPPEAR AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH FOR ONE GOOD "I TOLD YOU SO."

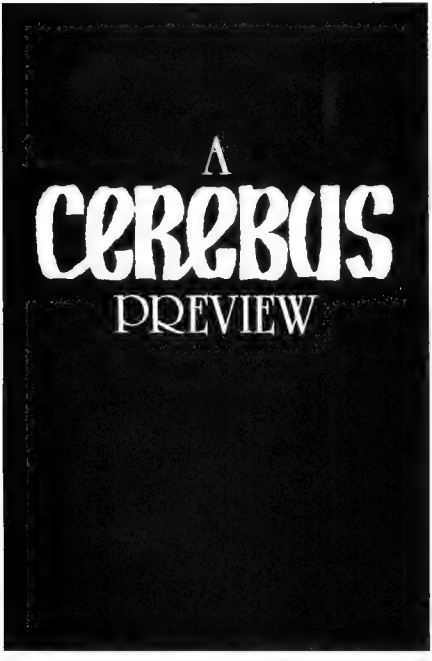
SO, IN A WAY, MR HAMMOND THIS IS EXTUALLY QUITE GOOD NEWS.
YES I.
ISN'T IT
YES YOU SEE I THOUGHT IF..
OR COSS IT ALSO REPRESENTS A RADICAL CHANGE DOES IT NOT.
YES WHEN I SAW THE
MMM?
YES QUITE RADICAL
WAS
AND GREAT CARTHY WAS MOST EMPHATIC THAT SHE BE KEPT ABREAST OF ENNY CHANGE
YES.. THAT WAS WHAT I THOUGHT WHEN I
ENNY CHANGE HOWEVER SLIGHT..
YES I.. UH
YES
CLARINDAR
YES MRS. THATCHER
SIP
I'D LIKE A SMOKE GLOSS OF PORT PLEASE
YES MRS THATCHER
SIP
AND A CIGARETTE
YES MRS THATCHER


THE HAIL BEGINS TO DIMINISH IN INTENSITY THE STONES BECOMING PELLETS ONCE MORE
A WAVE OF DARKNESS SWEEPS ACROSS THE VARC PARTY - PITCH BLACKNESS, THICK AND HEAVY, SOON ENGULFS THEM. THE SURROUNDING AIR BECOMES THIN AND STRANGULATING...ONE BY ONE THOUSANDS OF TORCHES WAVER, THEN SUTTER AND ARE EXTINGUISHED.
CEREBUS?
CEREBUS I'M SCARED
FAR AWAY, ON THE WESTERN HORIZON, AN EERIE BLUE RADIANCE ENVELOPS THE EARTH, THE GROUND RAISING AND FALLING LIKE WAVES ON A STORM-TOSSED OCEAN
FISSURES APPEAR FROM WHICH ISSUE PLUMES OF STEAM AND LEAPING TENDRILS OF ELECTRICAL FORCE... HUGE SECTIONS OF EARTH BREAK FREE AND ARE HURLED SKYWARD!
THE GROUND BENEATH THEIR FEET BEGINS TO VIBRATE AND HEAVE AS THE WEIRD LATTICEWORK OF RADIANCE EXPANDS...
AND BEGINS CRAWLING EASTWARDS TOWARDS THEM...

SCOTTA
TEST TRICK TEST TRICK TEST
FSSSS
PASS FAIL
PASS FAIL
PASS FAIL
PASS FAIL
PASS FAIL
PASS FAIL
PASS FAIL


GOOD
BAD
GOOD
BAD
GOOD
BAD
GOOD
BAD
GOOD
BAD
GOOD
NOW, Y'ALL JUST SIT RIGHT THAR, SON
AND I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY WITH YOUR UH...
MORAL PURITY CLINICIAN...
SEPIO
PLEASE
TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT

QUEEN TAKES KING'S BISHOP'S PAWN.
CHECKMATE



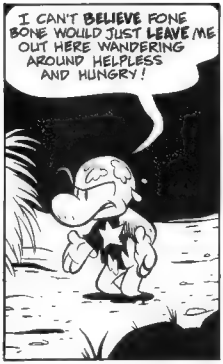

There is very little that I can say about Jeff Smith's *Bone* that hasn't already been said. Larry Marder turned me on to the book by urging Jeff to stop by the booth at the Capital City show in Madison. I read the copies he gave me at the airport and chuckled out loud several times. When Gerhard and I were enthusing about the book to Steve Bissette in Albany, Gerhard mentioned that it is the only comic book he's read that has turned him into a fanboy (HAS to have all the issues, wants to keep them in mint, desperately needs a first printing of number one once he noticed that his copy is a second printing). We just got in copies of issue 5 this morning as well as a first printing of number one signed to me with a little sketch on the inside cover. Couldn't resist rushing upstairs to the Office of the Vice-President and gloating. Hey, Jeff? Want to make Gerhard's day?

You guys are going to love this one, I think, if you're not reading it already. Ladies and Gentleman, the Surprise of 1992, Mr. Jeff Smith and *Bone*.

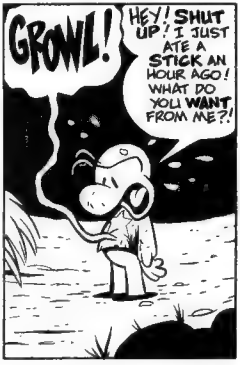
GRUMP!
GRUMP!
GRUMP!

GRUMP!
SPLOP
SPLOOSH

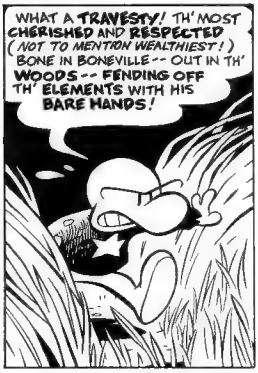
OOOH! WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT COUSIN OF MINE!


I CAN'T BELIEVE FONE BONE WOULD JUST LEAVE ME OUT HERE WANDERING AROUND HELPLESS AND HUNGRY!

I'LL BET HE'S BACK IN BONEVILLE RIGHT NOW, SITTING IN MY HOUSE, EATING MY FOOD!
GLORP!
RUMBLE!
GRRRR


GROWL!
HEY! SHUT UP! I JUST ATE A STICK AN HOUR AGO! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!

SLURK
GUKK
BURRRRP!
SIGH.

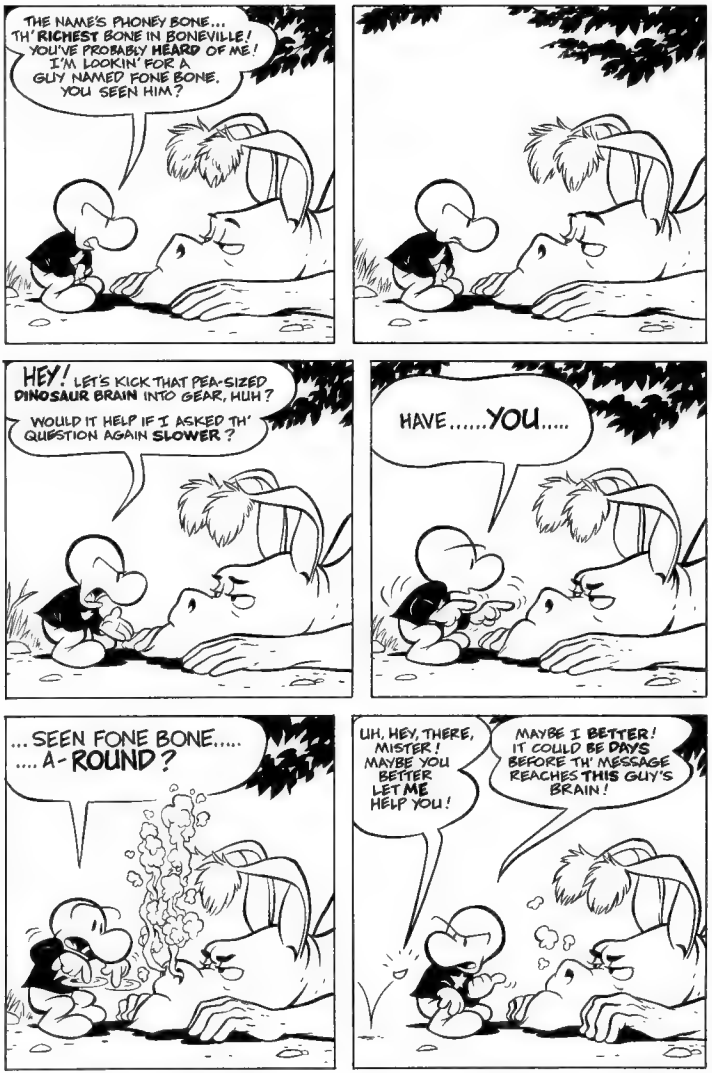

WHAT A TRAVESTY! TH' MOST CHERISHED AND RESPECTED (NOT TO MENTION WEALTHIEST!) BONE IN BONEVILLE -- OUT IN TH' WOODS -- FENDING OFF TH' ELEMENTS WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

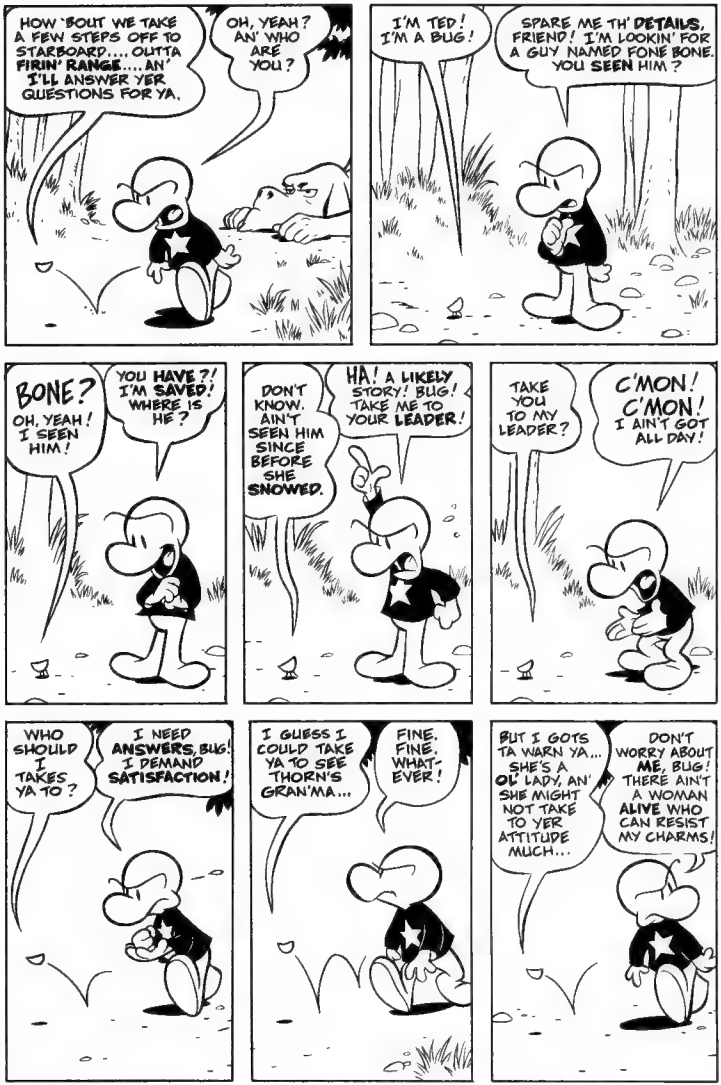
FORCED TO EKE OUT A MISERABLE EXISTANCE AMIDST TH' ROCKS 'N' MUD!!

OH, CRUEL, CRUEL FATE! WHY HAVE YOU ABANDONED YOUR MOST BELOVED SON?!

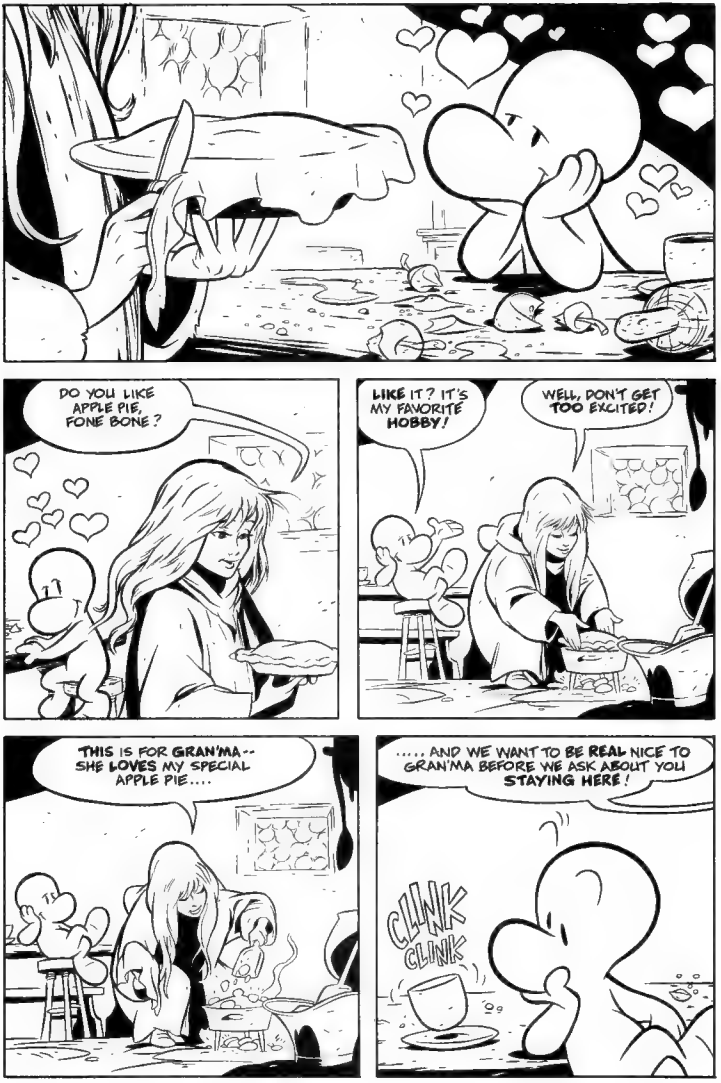
GOD, I PITY ME.

HEY, YOU! WAKE UP!
MM?


THE NAME'S PHONEY BONE... TH' RICHEST BONE IN BONEVILLE! YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD OF ME! I'M LOOKIN' FOR A GUY NAMED FONE BONE. YOU SEEN HIM?
HEY! LET'S KICK THAT PEA-SIZED DINOSAUR BRAIN INTO GEAR, HUH? WOULD IT HELP IF I ASKED TH' QUESTION AGAIN SLOWER?
HAVE.....YOU.....
...SEEN FONE BONE..... .... A-ROUND?
UH, HEY, THERE, MISTER! MAYBE YOU BETTER LET ME HELP YOU!
MAYBE I BETTER! IT COULD BE DAYS BEFORE TH' MESSAGE REACHES THIS GUY'S BRAIN!


HOW 'BOUT WE TAKE A FEW STEPS OFF TO STARBOARD.... OUTTA FIRIN' RANGE.... AN' I'LL ANSWER YER QUESTIONS FOR YA.
OH, YEAH? AN' WHO ARE YOU?
I'M TED! I'M A BUG!
SPARE ME TH' DETAILS, FRIEND! I'M LOOKIN' FOR A GUY NAMED FONE BONE. YOU SEEN HIM?
BONE? OH, YEAH! I SEEN HIM!
YOU HAVE?! I'M SAVED! WHERE IS HE?
DON'T KNOW. AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE BEFORE SHE SNOWED.
HA! A LIKELY STORY! BUG! TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
TAKE YOU TO MY LEADER?
C'MON! C'MON! I AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
WHO SHOULD I TAKES YA TO?
I NEED ANSWERS, BUG! I DEMAND SATISFACTION!
I GUESS I COULD TAKE YA TO SEE THORN'S GRAN'MA...
FINE. FINE. WHATEVER!
BUT I GOTS TA WARN YA... SHE'S A OL' LADY, AN' SHE MIGHT NOT TAKE TO YER ATTITUDE MUCH...
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BUG! THERE AIN'T A WOMAN ALIVE WHO CAN RESIST MY CHARMS!

OKEE DOKEE... I WAS JES WARNIN' YA, THAT'S ALL.
WELL, MOVE IT OUT, BUG! THIS IS TAKING FOREVER ON THOSE LITTLE LEGS OF YOURS!
OKEE DOKEE...
HI, GRAN'MA! HOW YOU DOIN'?
WELL, HELLO, TED, DEAR!
GRAN'MA, THIS HERE FELLA BEEN ASKIN' TA MEET YA!
OH, HE LOOKS LIKE SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN. WOULD HE LIKE TO RIDE ONE OF MY RACING COWS?
NO, I DON'T WANNA RIDE ONE OF YER STUPID COWS!
TED, DEAR, I THINK YOU'D BETTER LEAVE. I'M GONNA TEAR THIS LITTLE FELLA APART FROM TH' INSIDE OUT.
YES, M'AM. (SEE YA AROUND, PAL.)

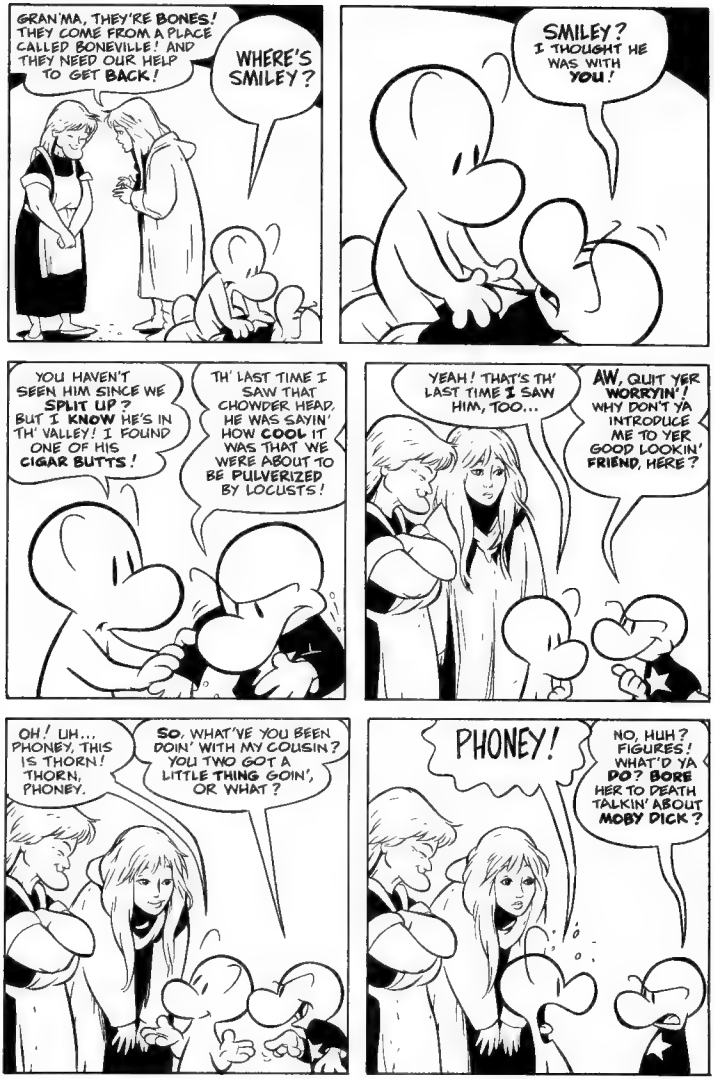

DO YOU LIKE APPLE PIE, FONE BONE?
LIKE IT? IT'S MY FAVORITE HOBBY!
WELL, DON'T GET TOO EXCITED!
THIS IS FOR GRAN'MA-- SHE LOVES MY SPECIAL APPLE PIE....
..... AND WE WANT TO BE REAL NICE TO GRAN'MA BEFORE WE ASK ABOUT YOU STAYING HERE!
CLINK CLINK

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?! TH' WHOLE CABIN'S STARTIN' TO SHAKE!
IT'S GRAN'MA! SHE'S HOME!
YOUR GRAN'MA?! IT SOUNDS LIKE A STAMPEDE!
THAT'S HER! SHE MUST BE RACING ONE OF THE COWS!
LOOK OUTSIDE! THAT'S HER FASTEST COW COMING ACROSS THE CLEARING!
NO WAY!
AND HERE COMES GRAN'MA! C'MON, GRAN'MA!
SHE'S GONNA OUT RUN THAT COW?! SHE'LL HAVE A HEART ATTACK!
HEY! DO YOU SEE THAT? THERE'S SOMETHING ON THE COW
WHAT? WHERE?
--THERE'S SOMEONE RIDING THE COW!
OH, MY GOD! IT'S PHONEY BONE!

WHAT'S HE DOING?!
IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US!
HE'S OUT OF CONTROL!
HOLY COW! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!!
SCREEECH!
MOO!
ZZZEEE
YABONG
CRASH!!
WHAT HAPPENED?!
JEEZ! YOUR GRAN'MA STOPPED TH' COW BY TH' TAIL!
MOO!

WHAT HAPPENED TO PHONEY?
--UH, OH--
I THINK HE'S IN THE FIREPLACE!
I'M COMIN', PHONEY!
HURRY, GRAN'MA! HE'S STUCK IN THE FIREPLACE!
OH, MY GOODNESS! HE'LL RUIN TH' DINNER!
HANG ON! I'LL GET YOU OUT!
FONE BONE! SAVE ME! THAT CRAZY OLD LADY TRIED TO KILL ME!!
WELL, BLESS MY BUTTONS! WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?
WATCH OUT! DON'T LET HER GET A HOLD OF YOU!
H-- H'LO, MA'M!
DO YOU LIKE COWS? I KNOW YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T.
I DON'T LIKE TO RIDE 'EM, YOU OL' BAT!
FONE BONE LOVES COWS!
SORRY, DEAR. YOU CAN'T KEEP HIM.

BUT--
NO BUTS. I DON'T WANT ANY PETS RUNNING AROUND TH' HOUSE.
GRAN'MA! THEY'RE NOT PETS!
CAN YOU MILK 'EM? IF YOU CAN'T MILK 'EM, THEY'RE PETS!
THAT'S IT! I'M OUTTA HERE!
GRAN'MA!
SAY.... IS THAT APPLE PIE I SMELL?
YES! I BAKED ONE OF MY SPECIAL PIES JUST FOR YOU!
WHAT A SWEET THING YOU ARE!
QUICK!
WHILE SHE'S DISTRACTED!
HOLD IT! THORN THINKS GRAN'MA BEN CAN HELP US GET BACK TO BONEVILLE!
IT'S NOT WORTH IT! LET GO OF ME!
WOULD YOU WAIT A MINUTE?!! WE CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
HELP! HELP! THEY'VE DESTROYED MY COUSIN'S BRAIN!!
OH, MY GOD! THEY'VE ALREADY MILKED YOU, HAVEN'T THEY?!!


GRAN'MA, THEY'RE BONES! THEY COME FROM A PLACE CALLED BONEVILLE! AND THEY NEED OUR HELP TO GET BACK!
WHERE'S SMILEY?
SMILEY? I THOUGHT HE WAS WITH YOU!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE SPLIT UP? BUT I KNOW HE'S IN TH' VALLEY! I FOUND ONE OF HIS CIGAR BUTTS!
TH' LAST TIME I SAW THAT CHOWDER HEAD, HE WAS SAYIN' HOW COOL IT WAS THAT WE WERE ABOUT TO BE PULVERIZED BY LOCUSTS!
YEAH! THAT'S TH' LAST TIME I SAW HIM, TOO...
AW, QUIT YER WORRYIN'! WHY DON'T YA INTRODUCE ME TO YER GOOD LOOKIN' FRIEND, HERE?
OH! UH... PHONEY, THIS IS THORN! THORN, PHONEY.
SO, WHAT'VE YOU BEEN DOIN' WITH MY COUSIN? YOU TWO GOT A LITTLE THING GOIN', OR WHAT?
PHONEY!
NO, HUH? FIGURES! WHAT'D YA DO? BORE HER TO DEATH TALKIN' ABOUT MOBY DICK?

I'M GOING TO BED. YOU CAN KEEP 'EM IF YOU WANT, BUT THEY HAVE TO SLEEP IN TH' BARN.
GRAM!
G'NIGHT, MA'M! IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU!
FONE BONE, COULD I TALK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?
OUTSIDE?
YES.
WELL, GO AHEAD! I AIN'T STOPPIN' YA!
THIS ISN'T GOING QUITE THE WAY WE PLANNED, IS IT? TELL ME... IS HE ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
PRETTY MUCH.
HMM. GRAN'MA'S GOING BACK TO BARREL HAVEN IN A FEW DAYS FOR THE SPRING FESTIVAL. IF WE CAN JUST KEEP THOSE TWO CALM UNTIL THEN, WE CAN ALL GO INTO TOWN TOGETHER TO LOOK FOR YOUR OTHER COUSIN.
DON'T WORRY! I CAN HANDLE PHONEY!
GO BACK IN THE HOUSE AND KEEP AN EYE ON HIM. I HAVE TO GO GET SOME FRESH WATER FOR GRAN'MA TO WASH UP WITH...
OKAY, PHONEY! WE HAVE TO GET A COUPLE OF THINGS STRAIGHT---

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ?!!
THAT PIE WAS FOR GRAN'MA BEN ! THORN WILL KILL US WHEN SHE FINDS OUT YOU TOOK IT !
WHAT'S TH' MATTER ? YOU AFRAID OF GETTIN' CAUGHT ? QUIT BEIN' A CHICKEN !
FONE BONE !! PHONEY BONE !! YOU BETTER NOT BE EATING THAT PIE !
HONK !
WELL, BOYS... I CAN SEE WE'RE OFF TO A GOOD START !
WE HAVEN'T SEEN IT ! HONEST !
ERP !
Next: Barrelhaven

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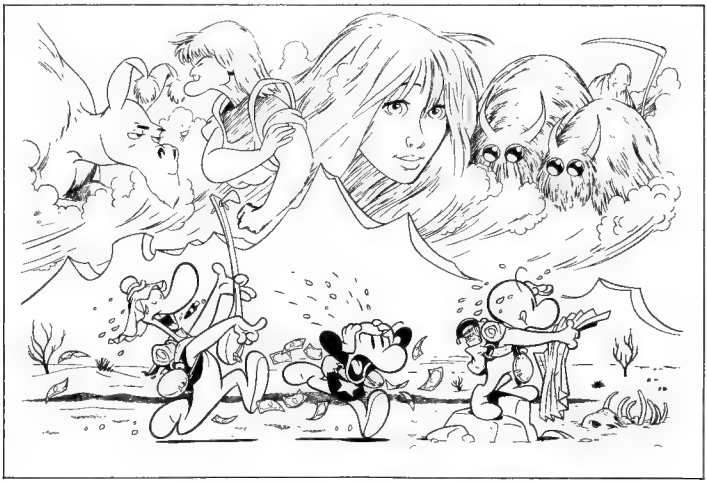

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# GALLERY

*CEREBUS AND ERIKA*

*Jam print*
*released at*
*Capital City Trade Show*
*1992*

*Cerebus pencilled and*
*inked by Dave Sim.*
*Erika pencilled and*
*inked by Martin Wagner.*
*Background pencilled,*
*inked and coloured*
*by Gerhard.*

*pen and ink*
*and water-colour*
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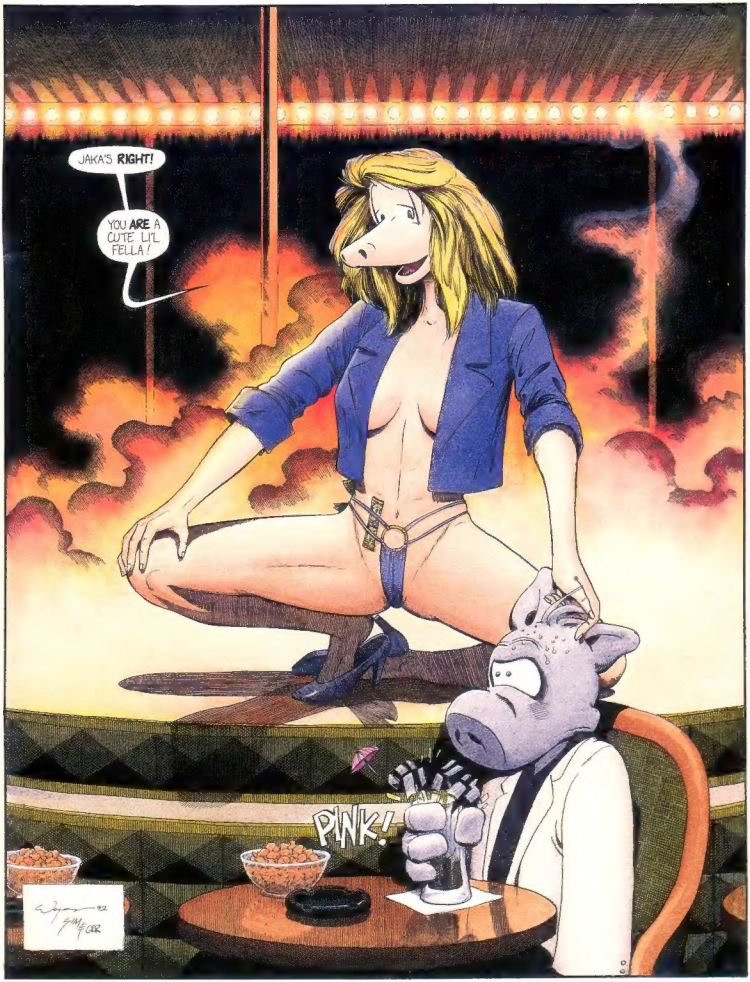
# GALLERY



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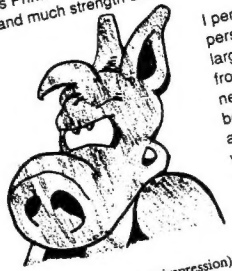
# Cerebus the Aardvark

## Information about the candidate

hat is necessary to include a document with this nomination to
t clear that Cerebus is not a "nonsense" candidate. I appeal to the
rsity to let the nomination stand, on the strength of what follows.

bus is grey, and about three feet tall. He is an aardvark, and
metimes uses the name "The Earth-Pig Born". His life so far has been
ensively chronicled by Dave Sim, a Canadian writer and artist, in a
onthly biographical magazine. This has been collected into several books
hich are available from Aardvark-Vanaheim Inc., and occasionally from
e Science Fiction Bookshops on East Crosscauseway, here in Edinburgh.

The candidate's qualifications for such a responsible post include a short
erm as Prime Minister of the city-state of Iest. He has a shrewd political
mind and much strength of character. His negotiation skills are unparalled.



The candidate (artist's impression)

I personally believe that prominent media personalities do not make good Rectors, largely because they can spare little time from their busy schedules for the everyday needs of the average student. If the five books relating his life so far were made available in the Rector's office, Cerebus would always be available to give advice in a sense. Since he has faced a horrify number of crises to date, Cerebus's mo for resolving particular situations should stand as an inspiration to any student seeking advice or comfort in an hour of need.

Despite the assertion I make concerning media exposure, there are issues which demand a high-profile Rector. Cerebus is known internationally if not exactly a household name, and could be relied upon to 'se when the situation demands it.

To sum up: the nomination of Cerebus is a serious act, and amusement. Fifty of the electorate have signed the nominatic others wanted to. I am appealing personally to the University to accept this nomination and let Cerebus stand for Rector.

Thank you.

Gavin

Gavin Inglis - Ca

Maria Fyfe | Bird Demarco | Iain Banks | Donnie Munro | Fish

# Fish is in the rectorship race but not aardvark

*By Severin Carrell*

NOMINATIONS for rector of Edinburgh University closed yesterday with a list of mainly serious candidates quickly shorn by electoral scrutineers who balked at one suggestion — Cerebus the Aardvark, a cartoon character who lacked the requisite qualifications.

The rector of the university, elected by students and staff for a three-year period of office, is expected zealously and respectfully to perform a range of executive, ceremonial, and diplomatic roles on behalf of some 11,000 students and academic staff.

A pen-and-ink drawing was seen as lacking the necessary calibre, according to one Pollock Hall insider, who described the beast's selection process

alcohol-induced. The university-pointed election invigilators, he "didn't believe that a cartoon acter could sign his name on a ination paper — which had fifty atures — so it can't be put for- ."

he final candidate list for the elec- on 1 March is uncontroversial, ring, as predicted, two rock icians and, coming in with late inations, a certain well-known burgh arts impresario making his h attempt for the post, a Glas- an Labour MP and a popular list.

the five nominees: Maria F cian; Richard Demar ger director; Iain B Dale Munro, mu cian, only l lsinger w

has appeared on campus to canvass support in the bars of the students' union.

According to student president Gerry Corish, Fish's appearance on Thursday night may suggest an early lead in the race to replace Mu Gray, the television journalist been rector since 1988, bu remains wide open.

After several nations wh includi Joh

meetings as a student and staff representative is extremely important because he or she "doesn't have a vested in erest in going along with the an open things up and are ountable to university

r Colin Bell will as rector of Aber- ceremony in the ank Urquhart.

rector to be deen since ny he will by his where ector his

have presented it."

# Anti-aardvark scandal

by Alastair Baker

Edinburgh University admin- istrators have been accused of "anti- aardvark feeling" after rectorial ing Cerebus from its having 50 nominations despi signatories.

Cerebus, who also calls him- self "earth-pig born," has already been Prime Mi ter of the city- state of Le n, described by the campaign secretary Gavin Inglis as "a shrewd political mind. This is because he "has faced a hi he writes. "Cerebus's meh-

Inglis denies *The Scotsman*'s allegation that the nomination was induced by alcohol. He states that "Cerebus enjoys a drop of ale as much as the next aardvark, but he hadn't touched a drop when he signed the nomination."

It is on the question of his sig- nature that Old College has refused his candidacy, because they's have his signature was forg e. Cerebus is a three-fo a and grey drawing, cr s Canadian artist Dal the nominee's s g books, in the thereby in vark to

ods for resolving particular situa- tions should stand as inspiration to any student seeking advice in an hour of need."

women are expected to lives" to liberate their a country for them?

**(Cllr) Arthur J H**
42 ASHLOANING, DU RONBURGH 12 FEBR

## Disbelief

Sir, — It was with astonishme and disbelief that we read you report (9 February) on the nomi nations for rector of Edinburgh University. It seemed to imply that Cerebus the Aardvark had been proposed as a less than serious candidate. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Cerebus would undoubtedly have performed rectorial duties "zealously", "respectfully" and, moreover, successfully. He has already displayed these qualities during a brief term as "prime minister" of a city-state.

We also feel compelled to answer the unsubstantiated allegation that the nomination was "alcohol-induced". Although Cerebus en- joys an ale as much as the next aardvark, he hadn't touched a drop when he accepted the nomination.

**Gavin Inglis and Alan Morrison**
POLLOCK HALLS OF RESIDENCE 18 HOLYROOD PARK ROAD, EDIN

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